

PACIFIC ELECTRIC

Magazine

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PATIO at Padua Hills

PACIFIC ELECTRIC Magazine

Volume 20, No. 2 August 10, 1939

Published monthly by the Pacific Electric Railway, in the interest of, and distributed free to active and retired employees of Pacific Electric Railway and Motor Transit Lines. Contributions of news items regarding employees or activities of the railway are invited, and should reach the Editor before 28th of the month.

Address all communications to the Editor at 623 Pacific Electric Building, Los Angeles, California.

E. C. THOMAS.....EDITOR

D ID YOU spend all your remaining energy where you spent your Vacation; or, did you try to build it back to what it should be. To many, it is only a time set aside to run all over creation and try to beat someone's mileage record. One of our fellows came back last week and said they had picket-fenced the highway all the way to Portland and that he'd averaged 70 miles per hour. What he thought were pickets were only the telephone poles going by. This week his desk is vacant while he is recovering from the driving strain.

M EETING in Los Angeles today is the American Transit Association, composed of officials of the leading Electric Railway and Motor Coach lines of America, for a three-day discussion of matters pertaining to the transportation industry. A very interesting and educational program was prepared for the convention, as well as a series of entertainment features to be indulged in between sessions of business. The Magazine appears just as the session begins, making it impossible to report the Convention to our readers as we desire. The September issue, however, hopes to do it justice.

W HAT have you done during the past month to make business better for the company? There have been opportunities. Have you availed yourself of them; or, does it take a regularly organized sales campaign to get you going. Those "sales campaigns" are, as a rule just like a "spurt" runner in a race. Wears himself out in the first quarter and comes in last at the finish. It's the steady, consistent, persevering racer that wins; and, it is the fellow who does his stint each day and turns in a small amount of business regularly that usually tops the list at the end of the month in new business acquired.

Southern Pacific Announces Changes

Headquarters Move from New York to San Francisco. New Directors and Executive Committee Named.

A. D. McDonald, President of Southern Pacific Company, on July 13th issued the following statement.

"Hale Holden, Chairman, after 32 years of continuous railroad service has retired from active service under the pension rules of the Company.

"In anticipation of Mr. Holden's retirement the Executive Committee has had under consideration for more than a year changes that should be made in the executive organization of the Company, and after intensive study, particularly during the past six months, reached the conclusion that the headquarters of the Board of Directors and of the Executive Committee should be removed from New York City to San Francisco, California, the center of its Pacific Coast operations.

"Accordingly, the Committee sought the services of outstanding business executives of California having large general experience to serve as members of the Board of Directors and of the new Executive Committee, which, subject to the Board of Directors, will have full managing and governing power to administer the Company's affairs, with the result that the following named gentlemen have consented to serve:

"Allen L. Chickering, senior partner of the law firm of Chickering & Gregory, of San Francisco, California, and director of various industrial and utility corporations.

"James B. Black, President, Pacific Gas & Electric Company, of San Francisco, California.

"Stuart L. Rawlings, of San Francisco, California, retired mining engineer and director of various industrial and utility corporations.

"V. H. Rossetti, President, The Farmers & Merchants National Bank of Los Angeles, California.

"At a meeting of the Board of Directors held today the following changes in the management of the Company's affairs were approved:

"Hale Holden, George E. Roosevelt, Deering Howe and W. F. Bull have resigned as directors and the above named western representatives were elected to succeed them.

"The members of the former Executive Committee, namely, Malcolm P. Aldrich, Cleveland E. Dodge, Walter Douglas, Edward S. Harkness, Wm. De Forest Manice and Jackson E. Reynolds, have resigned as members of the Committee but will continue to serve as directors. The four newly elected directors, with C. E.

Perkins, of Santa Barbara, and A. D. McDonald, President, were elected to constitute the new Executive Committee.

"The office of Chairman has been discontinued, and the duties and authority of that office have been transferred to A. D. McDonald, President, who, subject to the Board of Directors and the Executive Committee, will have general control of the Company's business, with headquarters in San Francisco, California.

"The offices of Ben C. Dey, General Counsel, and W. F. Bull, Secretary, will be transferred from New York City to San Francisco, Calif.

"In order to facilitate the handling of certain corporate financial work, the payment of interest on bonds and the transfer of stock, the offices of John G. Walsh, Vice President in Charge of Finances, F. Van Note, Controller, and J. A. Simpson, Treasurer, will be continued in New York City. Under the direction of the President, Mr. Walsh will have charge of the Company's General Office at 165 Broadway, New York City.

"All other officers will be continued in their present positions, at their present headquarters."

AUGUST. One of the most beautiful times in the Mountains. Warm, but not too warm days, and then there is the shade of the trees to break the heat. Cool, restful nights with the early evenings spent around the camp-fire or in the Social Hall; or, with evening strolls along the paths and byways of the pine-clad hills. Boating on the lake, tours to near-by points of interest, communion with the great things of God's creation. What lures to get us away from this work-a-day world of ours. What great benefits to this weary-worn physical being of ours. And, after the experience of a vacation amid such surroundings as are ours for so little effort and expense, how much better the "job" looks; and, how much better we can do the work assigned to us. Pacific Electric folk are certainly fortunate in possessing such a retreat in our beautiful mountain camp in the San Bernardino's. Better avail yourself of its restful, joyous help while the opportunity is yours.

The meek little man was walking back from the funeral of his big and masterful wife. Suddenly a dislodged slate whirled down and landed with a resounding crack on his head. "Gosh," he murmured, looking up. "Sarah must have reached Heaven already."

"Padua Hills" --- Unusual Institution

The Creators of the Unique Place are Likewise Unusual People Engaged in a Most Laudable Enterprise.

Just a short distance from Claremont, home of two outstanding educational institutions, is another of note, known as "Padua Hills", established a number of years ago by Mr. and Mrs. Herman H. Garner. Unique in its conception; educational and cultural in its character; combining art, drama, pageantry, terpsichorean beauty, and other features that contribute mental enjoyment; it also provides for the comfort of the material man through the perveying of delectable foods.

However, the greater work engaged in by Mr. and Mrs. Garner, is the cultural features of the institution, of which the talented Mexican boys and girls of the community are the recipients; and, largely because of this feature of their work, the public is privileged to reap a large measure of enjoyment.

A member of the staff of "Padua Hills", Mr. Bob Finch, tells the story: "Old Mexico, with its charming simplicity, gracious hospitality and colorful atmosphere exists today in Southern California in the unique Padua Hills community center three miles north of Claremont.

"Surmounting a mesa in the foothills that reach up to Mt. San Antonio, three miles north of Claremont, Padua Hills enjoys one of the most novel settings the Southland boasts. Santa Catalina island, sixty miles away, can be seen from its heights on a clear day.

"The community center, dominated by the Padua Hills Theatre, made famous by folk drama presented by the Mexican Players, is located in an ancient olive grove planted in 1881. When the theatre was built in 1930, only such trees as impeded construction were removed. Time-scarred trees in the patio and nestling about the buildings give the effect that this bit of Old Mexico has been there for decades.

"Unique both in conception and in operation, Padua Hills today is a monument to the genius and foresight of Mr. and Mrs. Herman H. Garner, of Claremont.

"Just before the depression, the community was laid out to preserve the natural beauty of the area, which had attracted the interest of the college population of Claremont as an ideal location for a cultural center.

"The theatre was first devoted to productions of the Claremont Community Players. After two unsuccessful seasons, due to the depression,

they gave up the project in 1933.

"The Mexican boys and girls who had been working and entertaining in the dining room operated in connection with the theatre had proven their ability to give interesting programs of folk songs and dances. They had produced several plays during 1932 and 1933.

"The Garners saw in these youngsters the opportunity to perpetuate the charm and customs of Old Mexico and California. They had toured the nation to the South and were captivated with its quaint atmosphere and the friendliness of its people.

"The Padua Institute was formed and incorporated in 1935 as a non-profit, educational organization, for the teaching of music, dramatics, arts and crafts, languages, and to foster interest in the arts and manners of Early California and Mexico, and to promote friendly relations between the United States and Mexico.

"A staff of trained individuals was obtained to instruct in the various activities, and the Mexican Players group organized from the nucleus of the dining room staff.

"Southern Californians interested in the romance and tradition of Mexi-

co and Spanish speaking California quickly were captivated with the charm and simplicity of the folk dramas produced. Soon Padua Hills became a mecca for tourists.

"The Garners insisted that costumery, music and customs should always be authentic, and the theatre soon won national and even international recognition as a unique cultural project.

"Today, the Mexican Players of Padua Hills comprise a group of about 30 young people of Mexican or Spanish Californian descent, some of whom were born in Mexico and most of whom have lived in California for some time.

"The players range from 16 to 30 years, and are selected for their ability and promise in acting, singing and dancing. The girls live in a dormitory provided for them in Claremont with a house mother in charge, while most of the boys live in small cabins near the theatre.

"Members of the group are trained in social usage, as well as in dramatics, dancing and singing. In addition to their stage presentations they play the roles of hosts and hostesses in receiving guests in the dining room and provide the entertainment during luncheon and dinner.



Hilda Ramirez trips the whirlwind measures of the Chiapanecas, favored dance of the State of Chiapas, Mexico, in the "Jamaica", or out-door carnival, at Padua Hills.



Casilda Amador, danseuse, at the Padua Hills Theater, in a Tehuantepec headdress. Legend relates that the Tehuantepec headdress had its origin when Indians salvaged baby frocks from a wrecked ship, and, not understanding their proper use, employed them for adornment. The tiny sleeves still are retained as a useless part of the headdress.

"Several of the former players have attained prominence on the stage and in motion pictures, while others have achieved substantial positions as teachers in Southland schools and in the business world after leaving Padua Hills, by reason of their training at the cultural center.

"The Mexican Players have presented more than 30 plays since 1936, each designed to give a realistic and accurate conception of the life and customs of some region of Mexico or California.

"They have included folk plays, dramas, and even melodramas, designed to give a colorful picture of the people of the republic to the south. The plays, written by the Padua Institute staff, are seasonal and follow closely the life in Mexico.

"*'Serenata de Chapala,'* the current production, is a rollicking comedy laid in the state of Jalisco. A Jamaica, or outdoor carnival of songs, dances and festive Mexican games under the olive trees of the patio follows each performance.

"During the holidays, each year, *'Las Posadas,'* the Mexican celebration of Christmas, is presented, incorporating such quaint ceremonies as the breaking of the pinata, a huge earthen figure laden with gifts, which is Mexico's substitute for the Christmas tree.

"Many of the plays include a fiesta, Mexico's perennial entertainment, and costumes and dances of every section of the republic have been authentically reproduced in the tiny foothill playhouse.

"The plays are given, sometimes in English, sometimes in Spanish, but they are always intended for audiences who do not speak Spanish, and the action is so arranged that it is easy to follow.

"In connection with each production, an exhibit of drawings, paintings or etchings by a contemporary artist, usually based on the Mexican scene, is hung in the foyer of the theatre.

"Adjacent to the theatre are arts and crafts studios devoted to painting, ceramics, wood carving and other cultural pursuits. Demonstrations of weaving are given from time to time in a studio erected for this purpose.

"The theatre building, of Spanish-California architecture, houses the dining room where luncheon, tea and dinner are served every day of the year. The folk plays of early California and Mexico are presented by the players throughout the year, Wednesday through Friday nights, and Wednesday and Saturday matinees. The playhouse seats 300.

"Padua Hills takes its name from the fact that the site is dominated by Mt. San Antonio, who was the patron saint of Padua in Italy. Padua was the home of one of the first great universities of the world and always has been a cultural center.

"Linking the past with the present,



Eduardo Montano and Casilda Amador in one of the dances of the *'Jamaica,'* or outdoor street fair, in connection with the staging of *'El Punto Ciego'* recently at Padua Hills. The play told the story of the famous convent of Santa Monica at Puebla, Mexico, closed by the authorities in 1935, after it had operated unlawfully for nearly a century.

Padua Hills today is a rendezvous for tourists from all parts of the world, particularly those who have visited Mexico and been intrigued with the charming simplicity of their neighbors to the South.

"It is a favored spot for Californians to entertain visiting friends by reason of its scenic location, reached after a joyous ride through the famed citrus groves of the Southland's orange belt, and the unique entertainment provided."

UNSELFISH EFFORT WINS

Unusual way of raising money for worthy philanthropy was recently revealed in Hollywood with announcement that program known as "Screen Guild Show", sponsored by a well-known Oil Company, had poured \$220,000 into coffers of Motion Picture Relief Fund toward construction of new home for aged and indigent picture actors.

Stars, writers, directors and technicians in this series of programs have contributed their services gratis and money ordinarily paid them has been paid over to Fund at rate of \$10,000 each week.

"Screen Guild Show," over Columbia Broadcasting System, is now off air until fall, but completion of 1939-40 series of broadcasts is expected to bring amount to \$500,000, at which time purchase of site and construction of home will be undertaken.

Home will probably be built in San Fernando Valley, near Hollywood. Plans call for main building surrounded by small bungalows. Hospital, sanitarium and dormitories will be housed in main building. Bungalow units will be named after donors and in memory of such motion picture leaders as Marie Dressler, Will Rogers and Irving Thalberg.

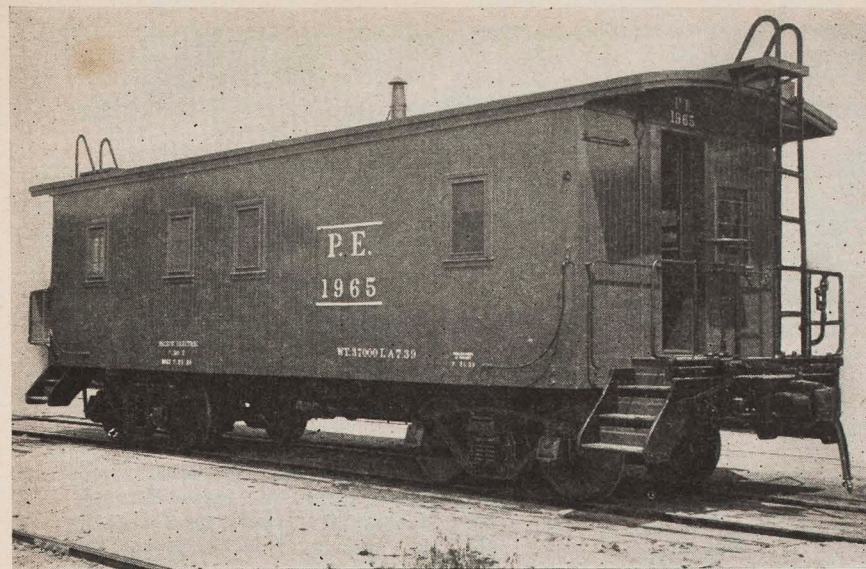
General M. P. R. F. provides direct help for needy, medical and dental service, wardrobe department and unemployment service, but none of money collected through Screen Guild radio program will be used for general expenses.

L. H. APPEL LOSES FATHER

The many friends of L. H. Appel, Director of the Research Department, will learn with regret of his loss of his father, A. H. Appel, who died in San Francisco, July 16th, after an extended illness.

Mr. Appel was born in New York, coming to San Francisco when he was two years of age, and had lived in that city for the past 75 years. Services and interment was at San Francisco on July 19th.

The sympathy of a host of friends is extended Mr. Appel and other bereaved relatives.



NEW FREIGHT "PULLMANS"

Crews in the Freight Service have been presented with four new Cabooses and they are now in service on some of the regular freight runs, much to the gratification of the men who use them.

They are the product of our own shops at Torrance, built up to the latest standard, berths and all, of regular, main-line cabooses of other roads, with the exception that the coupolos are missing.

That they are a welcome addition to the service goes without saying; and, from remarks the Editor has overheard, the Trainmen are saying things about them in quite flowery language. Language somewhat different from the usual "bull-pen" English.

RUBY JEAN DIX MARRIES

Many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie A. Dix, Sr., will be pleased to learn of the marriage of their daughter, Ruby Jean to Mr. William Leonard Sheldon at the Dix home, 616 West 116th Street, Los Angeles, on July 15th.

Following the reception, attended by a large number of their friends, the newly weds left for a honeymoon trip to an unknown destination. Upon their return they will be at home at 7523 Towne Avenue, Los Angeles.

Congratulations and best wishes are extended.

CARLSBAD CAVERN VACATION

P. A. Butler, of the Mechanical Department at West Hollywood, accompanied by his wife, mother and children, have just returned from a most delightful vacation trip to the famous Carlsbad Caverns of New Mexico. Enroute home they stopped over for a week at Crestline, in the San Bernardino Mountains.

NEW MOUNTAIN PLAYGROUND

Charlton Flat Road to be Completed This Month

Here is an item of interest to Pacific Electric employees who are lovers of the Mountains.

Beautiful mountain areas immediately back of Pasadena including pine covered Charlton Flats, will be opened to the public this summer, Forest Supervisor William V. Mendenhall has advised.

Surfacing of that 8-mile stretch of mountain road between Red Box and Charlton Flats will be completed sometime in August, the forest supervisor said.

Pasadena has approximately 200 acres reserved for special use of Pasadena citizens. The government is now setting up 200 picnic tables, stone fireplace grills, piped reservoir water, sanitary facilities, service roads, parking areas and trails.

Outings in the near-by United States Forest Service scenic campground are expected to be immediately popular.

Usable ground offered at Charlton Flat is of about 400 acres, and there are about 500 acres at Chilao which are being similarly improved, according to Mendenhall.

Barley Flat, when reached by feeder road, will provide another 300 acres, while various timbered sections eventually to be made available across the 46-mile length of Angeles Crest State Highway from La Canada to Big Pines Recreation Park will comfortably accommodate approximately 5000 persons daily, Mendenhall estimated.

Water development has been a forest service problem, solved with a 130,000 gallon reservoir at Charlton and another of 160,000 gallons capacity at Chilao. Storage of 150,000 gallons at Horse Flat is planned through gravity flow from natural springs on Mt. Waterman.

THE HERMOSA FIESTA

Hermosa Beach is now holding a very pretentious fiesta of the Spanish type, the dates extending from August 6th to 13th inclusive.

Sunday, the 13th will be the climax of the celebration when an immense cavalcade will be given in which will appear some 1200 horsemen. Sheriff Biscailuz will have a prominent part in the gala affair, and will be escorted by his famous band of nearly 200 musicians. The army and navy will also play a large part in the days' festivities.

Sports and games and free attractions of various kinds will enliven the city of Hermosa Beach throughout the entire week.

WARNING TO VOTERS!!

If you failed to vote at the Primary Election last August, or the General Election last November, or have changed your residence, it is necessary that you register again before you can vote at the next Special Election which has been called for November 7th.

You MUST BE REGISTERED BEFORE SEPTEMBER 28th, or you will be ineligible to vote. Do it now. A number of special registration places have been opened in various parts of the city. Locate one and become registered.

THE PILGRIMAGE PLAY OPENS

The Pilgrimage Play held its 1939 Premier Performance on Sunday, July 30th, this being its 16th season. Performances will be given nightly (except Saturdays) for an indefinite period.

This year's production marks its return after an interval of two years.

During that time a great number of queries from throughout Southern California and the country at large were received by the Pilgrimage Play Association. This demonstration of interest in the play brought out the importance of the Play as an outstanding cultural development in the community, and led to the announcement of the re-opening of the play this summer.

The outdoor spectacle is a civic, non-profit enterprise, administered by the Pilgrimage Play Association, of which George L. Eastman, past president of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, is president. Lloyd D. Mitchell is managing director and Jerome Coray, production director.

A MOST DASTARDLY CRIME

One of the most dastardly crimes committed recently was the shooting of Coach Operator Harry A. Moulton, in Pasadena, on Saturday night, July 15th by an unknown man who had held Moulton up on his coach, robbed him of a paltry amount of money, left the coach and then turned around and shot him through the abdomen.

Surgeons at St. Luke Hospital located the bullet fired by a holdup but because of the injured man's extremely critical condition, have not, as yet removed it.

The slug, fired by the gunman after the bus driver had surrendered his money at Orange Grove Avenue and Walnut Street, was found by X-ray pictures to be imbedded in the left side of the driver's stomach, after piercing the intestines in eight places.

When the bullet can be removed detectives hope to be able to trace ownership of the weapon. At present, investigators are attempting to find persons who may have noticed loiterers in the vicinity of Orange Grove Avenue and Prospect Street, where the gunman boarded a bus, or at Orange Grove and Walnut Street, where the shooting took place.

A search is being made for the money changer the man took from the driver's belt, and which may have been abandoned nearby. Park Department officials are checking all articles found in the nearby Arroyo Seco, while detectives already have examined premises around Walnut Street and Orange Grove Avenue.

Why the thief should have so brutally shot the driver after the money had changed hands and there was no apparent danger of the driver's attempting to fight the armed gunman, may give investigators one lead. One theory is that the attacker may have been a young man on his first "job" and subject to "nerves."

At last accounts, Mr. Moulton is slowly, but steadily recovering, much to the gratification of his many friends.

PURCHASING AND STORE MOVES

C. Thorburn and his staff of the Purchasing and Stores Department have moved across the hall on the sixth floor into quarters formerly occupied by one of the department of the Federal Courts. The new location provides a much better arrangement of space and rooms for the operation of the department and both the chief and the employees will no doubt find the new location a much more comfortable and convenient place in which to perform their duties.

12 MORE HONOR EMPLOYES

From the Retirement Bureau comes the information this month of the retirement of twelve of our associates, who after years of service varying from 20 to 49 years, have laid aside the active pursuits of the railroad business to take up, what we hope, is a long period of pleasurable pursuits. We hope that each of them may journey henceforth along pleasant paths and find rest, comfort and enjoyment after all the years they have so well spent in service to others through the medium of transportation.

The list follows, together with the number of years service they have rendered:

John Whiteley, Equipment Dept.	26
John F. King, Equipment Dept.	21
Lige Mathews, Equipment Dept.	23
Tenry Meyer, Equipment Dept.	29
David Conrow, Equipment Dept.	21
Alice V. Pattison, Equip. Dept.	22
John E. Archer, Engineering	21
Harry E. Mattox, Engineering	26
T. W. Fleshner, Accounting	49
E. D. Rand, Purchasing	30
Clyde D. Miner, Equipment	22
Louis Stamm, Equipment	20

"IT DID HAPPEN HERE"

From the Westminster Gazette, in the "Seeing the News" column of Bill Rose, comes this new use of motor coach schedules. The party of the second part involved is our own "Jimmy" Adams, of Sixth and Main Ticket Office, Los Angeles:

"Some time ago bus service was discontinued between two of the suburban towns of Los Angeles. For two weeks prior to the date notices were posted on the busses. But the very first day service was cut off an indignant woman called Jimmy Adams at the Pacific Electric station. 'The bus didn't come by today,' she stormed, 'what's the idea!' He explained, then asked, 'Didn't you see the notices in the busses?' 'Of course not, I don't ride them!' 'If you don't ride them what interest have you in their being discontinued?' 'I have plenty interest. When the bus passed my house every afternoon at 2:50 I knew it was time to go for my daughter at school. Today I didn't see any bus go by and it was 4:30 before I decided something was wrong and went after her. She was terribly upset.' 'Madam,' said the imperturbable Mr. A. 'May I suggest you invest in a clock?'"

"Maggie," said Angus to his wife, "here is a ticket for tonight's conjuring show, and when the conjurer comes to that part where he takes a teaspoon of flour and one egg and makes 20 omelettes, watch verra, verra close."

THE 1939 VENICE MARDI GRAS

The Venice Branch, Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, announces that the Fifth Annual Mardi Gras will be presented in Venice on August 10, 11, 12 and 13. The affair has grown tremendously each successive season and this season promises to be a more glamorous event than ever.

The Mardi Gras opens on Thursday evening with the arrival of King Neptune and coronation of Queen Venetia. On Friday afternoon the Annual Children's Parade will be held, largely managed through the efforts of the Venice Council P.-T. A. On Saturday afternoon the Annual Mardi Gras Parade and on Sunday afternoon the Miss California Beauty Contest. The Annual Bal Masque will close festivities at the Venice Ship Cafe on Sunday evening.

CATALINA MAKING A RECORD

One of the best indications that good, old Summertime is here is the upward trend of the passenger traffic to Catalina Island. This year a record is being made, not only in improved traffic due to local residents going to the Island, but the number of tour parties are far greater in number than they have been for several years, and each party is much larger in number.

The season, to date is far ahead in the number of visitors to that of many years past, and the indication is that at the close of the season an all-time record will have been made.

"When I was a little child," the sergeant sweetly addressed his men at the end of an exhaustive hour of drill, "I had a set of wooden soldiers. There was a poor little boy in the neighborhood and after I had been to Sunday School one day and listened to a stirring talk on the beauties of charity I gave them to him. Then I wanted them back and cried, but my mother said:

"Don't cry, Bertie, some day you'll get your wooden soldiers back."

"And, believe me, you lop-sided, mutton-headed, goofus-brained set of certified rolling pins, that day has come!"

The elderly man walked into the doctor's office.

"Good morning, Doc," he said as he sat down. "You remember when you cured my rheumatism five years ago, you told me at all costs to avoid dampness."

"Yes, yes," said the doctor, "I remember. What about it?"

"Well, I was just wondering if you think it will be all right for me to take a bath now."



CLASSIFICATION OF JUNE, 1939, ACCIDENTS

Train Service Accidents During June, 1939, Compared with June, 1938

	1938	1939	Dec. or Inc.	Percentage
1. With Pedestrians	6	5	1 Dec.	16.67%
2. At R.R. Cross. (Other than Co's)	0	0	0	.00%
3. Between Cars of Company	3	1	2 Dec.	66.67%
4. With Vehicles and Animals	139	127	12 Dec.	8.63%
5. Derailments	10	6	4 Dec.	40.00%
6. Equipment	0	1	1 Inc.	100.00%
7. Boarding Cars	11	8	3 Dec.	27.27%
8. Alighting from Cars	11	11	0 Dec.	.00%
9. Injuries on Cars (not in collis'n)	17	18	1 Inc.	5.88%
10. Falling from Cars	0	0	0	.00%
11. Doors, Gates and Guard Rails	2	4	2 Inc.	100.00%
12. Ejectments and Disturbances	3	1	2 Dec.	66.67%
13. Employees	5	8	3 Inc.	60.00%
14. Miscellaneous	2	4	2 Inc.	100.00%
15. Total All Accidents:				
Passenger Rail	160	155	5 Dec.	3.12%
Motor Coach	35	26	9 Dec.	25.71%
Freight	14	13	1 Dec.	7.14%
Total	209	194	15 Dec.	7.18%

SAFE USE OF RAILWAY FUSEES

From time to time reports are received indicating the so-called explosion of railway fusees upon ignition of the priming compound. In a recent instance it was reported that about five such cases occurred on one railroad with one particular brand of fusee. An investigation was made of this particular brand and exhaustive tests were made of the fusees returned by the carrier to this particular manufacturer. In a test of 80 fusees it was impossible to secure any so-called explosion. On examination of the fusees returned by the carrier it was found that evidently the fusees had been thrown immediately after ignition and had landed on the shoulder of the fusee head, putting out the fire in the igniting compound, as there was a substantial amount of this igniting compound left on the head of each fusee.

It is admitted that occasionally an explosion of the head of the fusee does occur but, if the following precautions are taken, serious trouble cannot be anticipated:

1. Keep the fusees dry, clean, and free from oil before using.
2. Do not let the fusees become crushed, or broken, and do not remove the protective cap from the fusee until immediately before it is to be used.

3. When about to use a fusee grasp it with one hand near the spike end, and tear the tape that attaches cap to the fusee. Tear this tape upwards until the striking surface on the side of the end of the cap is exposed.

4. Remove the protective cap from the end of the fusee with a slow twisting motion.

5. Grasp the fusee firmly with one hand, holding it by the middle or near the spike end. Never hold the fusee by or near the head end. Hold the protective cap in the other hand. Holding both hands close to the body, about the level of the hips, and at one side of the body, or the other, rub the priming on the head of the fusee across the prepared striking surface on the cap, quickly but lightly until the fusee is lighted. In doing this move the fusee downward across the striking surface of the cap, so that when it is lighted it will be pointing away from the face, and also moving away from the face.

6. Drop the lighted fusee (do not throw it) about five seconds after lighting it. If it is held until the heading is entirely burned, it is readily extinguished by dropping or throwing. While the heading is still burning strongly it is difficult to put out the flame of the fusee.

7. If a burning fusee is held in the

hand it should be held at a distance from the face or body, and with the burning end away from the face or body. Particles of burning or melted slag are thrown off by the burning fusee. This material will cause painful burns if it comes in contact with the face or body.

It is considered unlikely that explosions are due wholly to undue force in igniting the fusees. Explosions of the more violent type will probably be less likely to occur if the fusee is ignited by rubbing the scratch quickly but lightly on the priming. The results of an explosion of any kind will be reduced to a minimum if the fusee is grasped near the spike end, and held away from the face, and with the priming pointed away from face and body.

—(Bureau of Explosives, N. Y.)

SAFETY ADVISORY COMMITTEE APPOINTED FOR AUGUST

The next meeting of the Trainmen's Safety Advisory Committee will be held Friday, August 25, 1939, in the Pacific Electric Club Rooms, Los Angeles, commencing at 10 a. m.

Following are the members selected to serve on this committee for the month of August:

Northern District: Terminal
C. A. Hallett.....Macy Street
R. M. Herr.....Macy Street
F. J. Hawkins.....San Bernardino

Southern District:
R. Roepke.....Los Angeles
E. McCollum.....Los Angeles
W. J. Polson.....Butte Street

Western District:
H. Gerlach.....Subway
W. O. Tonjes.....Subway
W. Rogers.....West Hollywood
F. L. Miller.....West Hollywood

This conference will be devoted to consideration of subjects relating to safety and our accident prevention problems, and we hope to have a program which will prove both of interest to you and of educational value.

Remember, "Safety Thoughts Promote Safety."

Old Lady: "Does this bus stop at the pier?"

Driver: "Well, ma'am, there'll be a terrible splash if it don't."

GOOD ADVICE TO TRAINMEN

The following advice was given by Assistant Trainmaster A. M. Fisher, now retired, 26 years ago. The same advice today could well be taken by trainmen who prefer to follow the safe course. Do any of these suggestions conflict with the way you have been operating?

1. Do all your visiting before you leave the barns. While on duty is no time to do it.

2. Even if you do "MAKE IT", "SKIN TIME" is poor business, also risky, as there is very little clearance.

3. Do not be afraid to blow the whistle and ring the gong. That is what they are for.

4. Never start your car without ringing gong, and do not back up without first getting proper signals from rear end of train. It may save a serious accident.

5. When receiving train orders, be sure you understand them, and get them right if you have to call up dispatcher the second time. His particular business is to see that you understand things thoroughly before hanging up.

6. Give ample warning to persons on tracks, especially if they should happen to be on bridges or other places where they cannot readily protect themselves.

7. When approaching curves where view is somewhat obstructed, sound your whistle, as there might be some pedestrian walking on tracks. It requires no effort on your part and it means safety to the person.

8. The book of rules says a signal not perfectly displayed, or the absence of signal as usually shown, same must be regarded as a stop signal, and the fact reported to the Superintendent. Many accidents have resulted from failure to do what this rule says. The company does not want you to take chances, so what right have you to take any.

9. The SAFE COURSE is the best.

10. It takes less time to explain why you were late than to make out an accident report.

11. An elderly or feeble person needs, and is entitled to special attention, particularly in getting on and off cars. You may be the same way yourself some day and would look for kind treatment. "Follow the Golden Rule."

12. Study your schedule, but do not forget that the Book of Rules contains some mighty important reading matter.

13. Have you ever wished to be as well posted on Train Operations as the Superintendent? The book of rules was his teacher.

14. When necessary to go back "flagging", remember the lives of many persons are dependent upon

you. You are paid "to go back", and there is no excuse for not doing so, but be sure you go back far enough and do a good job.

15. Report all defects in equipment. It is then up to the other fellow to make necessary repairs. If an accident happens, it will not be your fault.

16. When you find a highway alarm bell out of order, or anything that needs prompt attention to prevent accidents, make a report of it to the proper person. You may save some one's life.

17. It is easier to do a thing right than to explain why you did it wrong.

18. You are responsible for the safety of others, as well as yourself.

19. When a railroad man takes chances, the lives of human beings are at stake. Every man who gambles loses some time, generally many times, but you cannot afford to lose once. You have no right to take chances. The other fellow may have to take the consequences.

20. Do things the way you are told, then if trouble arises it will be up to the "Boss".

21. You are paid to comply with the rules. Have you right to do otherwise? Think of this when signing the "payrolls".

22. Do not think because an accident has not happened to you that it will never happen.

23. Do things right and you will not have to put White Gloves on when opening personal letters written to you by the Superintendent.

24. To be careless, thoughtless, or reckless, means injury sooner or later, not only to yourself but to others.

25. Conductors must be on back end of cars no matter if it is only going between depot and barns, as accidents can happen then just as well as any other place.

26. SAFETY should be the first consideration of every employe.

27. Our "stock in trade" has been the "POUND OF CURE". Let us try the ounce of "PREVENTION".

"And how is your wife?"

"Oh, she's been nursing a grouch all week."

"Say, I didn't know you had been laid up, too!"

"Marriage makes me think of a quick lunch restaurant at noon time."

"Why so?"

"Well, one simply grabs something that looks good and pays for it later on."

First Floor-walker: "Poor old Perkins has completely lost his hearing. I'm afraid he will lose his job."

Second Floor-walker: "Nonsense. He's to be transferred to the complaint department."

S P O R T S**ROD AND GUN CLUB NEWS**

By Arlie Skelton

The July meeting of the P. E. Rod & Gun Club was devoted to routine business, and to making plans for the Surf Fishing Meet, to be held at Los Patos Camp the weekend of July 15th. The big fish chowder feed is to follow on July 16.

Mention was made of a trout fishing trip to the High Sierras made by our president, W. G. Knoche, B. F. Manley and D. E. Porter. Understand Mr. Porter was much interested in introducing to his comrades of a place known as "my" lake. "My" lake being unfished for the past few years and practically unknown to the average fishing devotee, appealed to the boy's fancy.

They immediately set out for the much advertised "Virgin Waters". President W. G. Knoche was not long in concluding he was out of his class in mountain climbing; and, remembering Vacations were meant for rest as well as recreation, calmly gathered some choice "garden hackle" and retired to a pond near the camp.

No one, outside the party, has been able to learn what the fishing was like in "My" lake. However, long after Mr. Knoche had taken a limit of beautiful Golden Trout and had prepared the evening meals, Mr. Manley and Mr. Porter came into camp, weary, footsore, scratched and bleeding; and, with no trout.

Another very popular member whom we have not heard of lately, is our "streamlined" and Smiling Councilman, Mr. H. P. Bancroft. Banny has first prize for stream trout caught on worms assured this year. I've been told he has in his possession, one of those graduated rulers. That is one of the kind that the longer you measure the shorter the inches become. Banny claims it to be the best lure for big fish he has ever been able to use.

Our Fishing Captain, "Sitting Bull" Braley, is really going to town with the Junior members of the Club. Scott took a day off, gathered together all the Junior members he could get to go with him and went out for fish to make the chowder for the Surf Fishing meet. Scott cannot be complimented too highly for the interest he is showing in helping these Junior members along in their Club work; and, he is doing it all without any expense to the regular members, so don't you regular members start getting jealous of the boys prize list. Those prizes are all donated for that one purpose.

Yours truly waddled down to Los

Patos for the Surf Fishing Meet. Found the residents of the Camp very courteous and seemingly doing all in their power to make all the visitors feel welcome. I took my family along and they were as much pleased as I was, and all the other visitors felt the same way.

The attendance at our meetings have been holding up well. Several of the old timers attending regular now.

Dan Terry has been doing more fishing this year than usual and showing some good results.

Herbert Houtekamer, the baracuda fisherman has been fishing Catalina waters lately. He likes the "Clean Your Fish" service so well that he usually buys a fish just to give the boys a job. One day he caught his own fish. Was so afraid the registration card would be doubted he offered to have it verified by a Notary Public.

Steve McNeill took his fishing trip on one of those off days at the Island. Won the jack pot on a bass. Only bottom fish being caught that day.

Jess Edmunds is taking a thirty days leave of absence to catch up his fishing. Jesse usually gets some good ones when he goes after them.

Another member who is beginning to perk up his ears when fishing is mentioned is our Subway Depot Master, Jim Kincaid. Mr. Kincaid hadn't fished since 1903. I persuaded him to go on a trip to a well known lake with me recently. Believe it or not, he beat me. Anyone who has fished with me lately knows that is a pretty hard thing to do. Who said razzberries?

P. E. CLUB BOWLING LEAGUE

Bowlers, hear ye!

The Pacific Electric Club Bowling League will hold its annual meeting for the election of Officers, and to determine on the schedule for the coming year, also prize distribution, etc., on Tuesday evening, 7:30 P. M., August 15, 1939, in the Pacific Electric Club.

Inasmuch as arrangements have already been made to put a 16-team league in the field, reservations having been completed to bowl at the Sunset Bowling Center, it is very essential that all those who desire to enter the league this coming season be on hand at this meeting.

In addition to the election of officers various matters are to be thrashed out and all suggestions, etc., will be accorded careful attention and consideration at this meeting. In the event members of various prospective team entrants are not able to attend, Captains of such teams should be given proxies so that a representative vote of all league members will be had.

Don't leave it to the other fellow to decide your wishes in this matter—be in attendance and let your wishes be known.

Let's all get together on the night of August 15th.

P. E. WOMEN'S CLUB NEWS

By Mrs. W. A. Hasty

On July 27th a group of twenty-two (22) ladies enjoyed a lovely luncheon and an informal afternoon at the home of Mrs. J. B. Green. A short business meeting was held and the rest of the afternoon was spent in visiting.

August the 31st there will be another card party at the club and you are all invited to come and enjoy a pleasant afternoon. A 15c charge will be made and prizes will be awarded.

Many of our club members have been on a vacation or are going in the near future.

Mrs. F. M. Hart, our new president will spend the next two weeks at the P. E. Camp.

Mrs. J. Adams is leaving soon for Canada.

Mrs. Hornbuckle entertained guests from the East, at Catalina Island.

Mrs. F. R. Hendricks spent her vacation in San Francisco, Berkley and Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Sharp plan to celebrate their 25th wedding anniversary next month visiting San Francisco and the Fair.

Mrs. W. D. Newby leaves Aug. 17 for Indiana to visit relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Bishop are enjoying a trip to Vancouver and many points of interest in the North and Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Green leave Sept. 3rd for a visit with their son and his wife in Chicago.

On Aug. 17 Mrs. Green will entertain the Past Presidents Club with a luncheon at her home.

Mrs. Elvah Wade Fuller entertained relatives from Colorado by taking them on a motor trip to San Diego and Tijuana.

It is rumored that Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Murphy are going East to drive a new car home in the near future.

She: "What do you mean by telling your boy friend that I was deaf and dumb?"

Second She: "I didn't say deaf."

The small girl had been gravely regarding her father's head for some time.

"Daddy," she said at last, "isn't it funny? Mummy's hair is in waves, and yours is all beach."

THIS 'N THAT

"I admire Dr. Thomas immensely," said Mrs. Jinks. "He's so persevering in the face of difficulties that he always reminds me of Patience sitting on a monument."

"Yes," replied her husband, "but what I'm becoming rather alarmed about is the number of monuments sitting on his patients."

A coed says: "Alone in the moonlight is more fun if you aren't."

Acc: "What's the best hand you ever held?"

Spade: "It belonged to a blonde in Hollywood."

Betty: "Last night George gave me his heart."

Ruth: "Well, he gave you damaged goods, dearie, because the night before he told me I'd broken it."

The visitor paid his bill at the fashionable hotel, and as he went out, he noticed a sign near the door, "Have you left anything?"

So he went back and spoke to the manager.

"That sign's wrong," he said. "It should read, 'Have you anything left?'"

A son at college wrote to his father, "No mon, no fun, your son."

The father answered, "How sad, too bad, your dad."

Boss—I notice there were 35,000 people present on the afternoon that your grandmother died.

Office Boy—I couldn't swear as to that, but grandma was always very popular.

The henpecked-appearing gentleman was gazing rapturously at a huge oil painting of a shapely girl dressed in only a few strategically-arranged leaves. The title of the picture was "Spring."

Suddenly the voice of his wife snapped: "Well, what are you waiting for, Autumn?"

Professor: "I say, your tubular air container has lost its roundity."

Motorist: "What—"

Professor: "The cylindrical apparatus which supports your vehicle is no longer inflated."

Motorist: "But—"

Professor: "The elastic fabric surrounding the circular frame whose successive revolutions bear you onward in space has not retained its pristine roundness."

Small Boy: "Hey, mister you got a flat tire!"

PACIFIC ELECTRIC POST 321, AMERICAN LEGION

AMERICAN LEGION NOTES

By Orville R. Newhouse

June 27th—At the meeting of Pacific Electric Post No 321 held on June 27th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Commander B. N. Broberg
 Finance Officer..... W. G. Knoche
 1st Vice-Commander..... A. A. Malmberg
 2nd Vice-Commander..... W. L. Hume
 Serg't. at Arms K. M. Brown
 Adjutant W. E. Sames
 Chaplain F. W. Nichols
 Historian O. R. Newhouse
 Executive Committee—L. A. Finlay, V. G. Clemons, R. E. Whittee.

Delegates to Department Convention—C. A. Newman, B. N. Broberg, V. G. Clemons, D. Kennedy. Alternates—K. M. Brown, A. A. Malmberg, R. E. Whittee, O. F. Fackler.

Visitors and speakers of the evening were, Comrade Dr. L. A. Hammer, 2nd Vice Commander and Service Officer of the 23rd District, who reported on his activities for the past ten months; and, Comrade Rev. Richard Keech, Pastor of the Church of Veterans.

June 28th—And now just a word to you Comrades who are missing out on the parties given us by the Ladies Auxiliary.

On Wednesday evening June 28th at the home of Comrade and Mrs. O. F. Fackler, 9414 Bandero Street, Los Angeles, the Ladies really scored another hit. This time, a garden party, with plenty of refreshments and a beautiful setting amongst fruit trees and flowers.

One of the high-lights of the evening was an exhibition of Horse Shoe Pitching by members of the Auxiliary and what a thrilling exhibition it was. I have witnessed many such contests but this is the first time I ever saw the contestants serve the spectators with fresh fruit and nuts or a bouquet of flowers with every pitch of the shoes. Well it was fun anyway. Keep it up Ladies as you can never tell just when Uncle Sam might want an Anti Air Craft Unit.

So we say thanks again to the Ladies Auxiliary and also to Comrade and Mrs. Fackler for their hospitality and let's do it again some time.

July 11th—Some 200 friends and guests gathered in the P. E. Club Ballroom to witness the joint installation of Officers of the Florence and Pacific Electric Post and Auxiliary.

Commander C. A. Newman opened the meeting at 9:30 P. M. Invocation by Comrade Wm. D. Parker, Chaplain of the 23rd District. After the opening ceremonies Commander C. A. Newman immediately retired all Post Officers and turned the gavel over to



B. N. BROBERG,
Commander

President Alice Newman of the Auxiliary who in turn introduced Mrs. Sylvia Winters, 23rd District President, who with the assistance of the Leonard Wood Ritual and Drill Team, proceeded with the installation of the Auxiliary Officers. After the installation the Drill Team put on an exhibition drill.

Comrade J. J. MacGillvray, 1st Vice Commander of the 23rd District, assisted by the Inglewood Post Ritual Team, officiated at the joint installation of the Florence and Pacific Electric Posts.

Comrades your Post still has the same address (P. E. Club) and still meets on the same evenings each month (2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 8:00 P. M.) so why not come out and meet old friends and maybe make some new ones.

LEGION AUXILIARY NOTES

By Martha Harper
Publicity Chairman

Officers of the American Legion Auxiliary Pacific Electric Railway Unit 321 were installed on July 11th 1939 at a joint meeting with the Pacific Electric Railway Post 321 and Florence Post 305.

Sylvia Winters, 23rd District President was Installing Officer, assisted by the Leonard Wood Auxiliary Drill Team, Erlyn Rose, Captain.

The distinguished guests of the Auxiliary present were Sylvia Winters, 23rd District President; May Gates, 23rd District Vice President; Marie Billeville, 23rd District Marshall; Irene Burgoon, Los Angeles County Council President; Lucy Lee, Chaplain Elect 8-40 Salon 32. Also

a number of Unit Presidents.

Alice Newman, President of the Pacific Electric Railway Unit 321 was presented with a gift from members of her Unit by Lillian Lyons in her own gracious manner. This was followed by the introduction of the new Officers of the coming year who are:

President Alice Dale Newman
 1st Vice President Martha Harper
 2nd Vice President..... Margaret Quillin
 Past President Lillian M. Lyons
 Secretary..... Myra Belle Clemmons
 Treasurer Phyllis Withee
 Chaplain Bernice Nichols
 Historian Mabel Smith
 Sergt.-at-Arms Anna Tucker
 Executive Committee Women — Bessie Fackler, Lillian Lyons, Cora Newhouse.

This was followed by the Installation of Officers of the Pacific Electric Post 321 and Florence Post 305.

Regular Unit meetings are held each 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of the month, in the Pacific Electric Club, 610 South Main Street, Los Angeles, California.

As Publicity Chairman of the Pacific Electric Railway Unit 321 for the past fiscal year, I wish to extend my thanks to Mr. E. C. Thomas, Editor of the Pacific Electric Magazine for the courtesy extended to me and his generosity in giving space to our Unit news. Mr. Thomas' cooperation is gratefully appreciated.

Preparations for the American Legion Auxiliary's nineteenth national convention, to be held in Chicago, September 25 to 29, are progressing rapidly, according to information received by Alice Newman, President of the Pacific Electric Railway Unit 321 of the Auxiliary here. The Department of California will be represented by a full delegation at the convention and a number of members of the local Unit are planning to attend.

With approximately 1,500 official delegates and alternates, and from 25,000 to 50,000 other members attending, the Auxiliary's national convention is always the largest women's convention of the year.

"Girls' States" for giving practical instruction in citizenship to girls, were conducted by the American Legion Auxiliary for the first time this summer. The Americanism Chairman of Pacific Electric Railway Unit 321 of the Auxiliary, has announced.

The "Girls' States" were modeled after the "Boys' States" sponsored by The American Legion in many parts of the country for several years.

The "Girls' State" plan proved itself to be a highly practical way of teaching citizenship and is expected

to be adopted by additional Departments as an Americanism project next year.

Continuance and expansion of the American Legion Auxiliary's work for the disabled veterans and children of the dead and disabled, its efforts for secure peace and lasting democracy, and its work for improvement of American communities will form the principal part of the Auxiliary's program for the coming year. Alice Newman, President of Pacific Electric Railway Unit 321 here, predicts from resolutions being adopted by Department conventions of the organization this summer.

The American Legion Auxiliary is now stronger than ever before in its history, Ellen Bryant, membership chairman of Pacific Electric Railway Unit 321, announced today after receiving the July membership figures from national headquarters.

On July 1 the Auxiliary had 467,929 members enrolled for 1939, compared with a total of 464,865 enrolled in 1938, the previous high record. Continued enrollments are expected to send the 1939 total up to 485,000. Thirty-eight of the Auxiliary's 52 Departments had exceeded their membership quotas by July 1.

The local Unit has contributed to the Auxiliary's gain in strength, having a 1939 enrollment of 19 members, looking forward to increasing in size this year.

Activities of Junior members are receiving increased attention in the American Legion Auxiliary throughout the country this summer, according to Phyllis Withee, Junior activities chairman of the 23rd District of the Auxiliary. Approximately 50,000 girls under the age of eighteen, the daughters of American Legion members, are now enrolled in the Auxiliary and are taking an active part in its work.

Americanism continues to be the subject of major interest to the girls of the Auxiliary, Mrs. Withee said. In their summer activities they are putting into practice the principles of good citizenship which they have learned in Americanism studies at winter meetings.

The American Legion Auxiliary, Pacific Electric Railway Unit 321 extends to the Post and their friends, an invitation to join them in a tour through Angeles Abbey Masoleum at Compton on August 24, 1939 at 7:30 P. M. sharp. This will prove to be a very interesting trip. Those wishing to go please contact any member of the Unit by August 22 and transportation will be arranged.

Mrs. Alice Newman, President and several members attended the Pre-Convention Caucus and dedication of the 23rd District Colors, on Thursday, July 27.

Running A Railroad Yard in France

Six "Doughboys" and Their Unique Experiences 20 Years Ago.

[A short time ago one of our officials brought to the Editor's desk an old railroad magazine in which the article herewith appeared. The writer was a Mr. Bud L. McKillips, whose address was unknown to the publisher, who stated however that it was originally published in the "Railway Conductor". After demurring for some time, because of the amount of space to be consumed, we decided that the time was opportune for its re-publication and that it would be of very great interest to a very large number of our railway boys who were "over there" and would cause much reminiscence by them. Many of our boys were in transport service in those days—Editor.]

"Any of you men ever work on a railroad?" There was a slight hesitation, and then, proving that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread," six of us, part of the few thousand American soldiers still left in France in June, 1919, stepped the proper number of military paces forward.

"Fine," said the captain. "The company of engineers stationed here was ordered back to the States yesterday, and you men will take charge of the railroad yard. Corporal McKillips, take charge of this detail and report to Lieutenant —."

The captain turned on his heel and walked back to his quarters, giving me no chance to explain that my railroad experience had been confined to working as a roundhouse and backshop machinist. It would probably have done no good anyway.

Under the efficient system by which American military officialdom picked "the men best qualified to perform the tasks necessary to winning the war," bakers were shoeing horses, locomotive engineers were operating typewriters, truck drivers were chauffeuring mules, and our mess sergeant was a former trainer of performing dogs.

On our way to the railroad yards

I took stock of the detail. One man was a member of the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks, another was a boomer boilermaker. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen was represented by a fireman from the Wheeling and Lake Erie, and a Trainmen's Lodge in Massachusetts had a star in its service flag for a Boston and Maine passenger brakeman who was now walking by my side and irrigating the soil of La Belle France with frequent deluges of tobacco juice.

An 18-year-old boy, once a caller of engine crews on the Wabash at some point in Indiana, and myself rounded out the crew which was about to take over and operate—in a manner in which no railroad yard was ever before or probably ever will be again operated—a small railroad yard on the Chemin de Fer de la Est de la Etat.

For the benefit of those who might incline to the belief that the linotype machine had just dropped a crown sheet, "Chemin de Fer de la Est de la Etat," although it looks like aallet locomotive heading out of town with a string of five gondolas sandwiched between two box cars and the caboose, is only French brevity for "Eastern States Railway."

It is one of the six great railroads of France, running from Paris, by way of Nancy, to Avricourt, where it makes connections for Germany, and by the way of Rheims and Beziers to Longwy on the frontiers of Belgium and Luxemburg.

The yards where we were about to do our hair-raising railroading was located at Bourg, a few miles out of the many-walled city of Langres, Haute-Marne.

We reported to the lieutenant, who looked us over with a cold, disdainful eye, and then proceeded to inform me in correct military language that from then on, until we got our sailing orders, I would keep on the payments on our debt to Lafayette by making up such trains as were necessary and filling in any spare time by

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spotting (he said "arranging") cars at various warehouses and loading platforms.

He then smiled and breathed a sigh of satisfaction. He had done his duty in accordance with the strictest military traditions—he had passed the buck.

I accepted it, saluted with my arm at the precise angle stipulated in the infantry drill regulations, and became a switchman—or was it a yard-master?

The departing company of engineers had left us a diseased-looking, air-brakeless and crewless engine, and a Bucyrus loading crane.

There was no dispute over seniority when I promoted the B of L. E. fireman to the right side of the cab. The ex-railway clerk became a potential member of the B. of L. F. and E. Our switch crew was composed of the boilermaker, callboy, brakeman and me.

It looked as if we were doomed to stay in Frances until we had shipped acres and acres of material concentrated at this point to various European countries.

French locomotives have no pilots or footboards. This one, like most of its kind, had no air brakes. Our fireman, when he was not feeding the firebox with coal-dust briquettes as square as dice, helped the engineer make stops by winding the brake on the tank. This operation was performed to the accompaniment of picturesque profanity from the right side of the cab.

To make the nightmare complete, all cars were equipped with the hook-and-eye coupling system, and only about one in 20 of the cars had brakes.

Those that did have brakes used weird contrivances for their operation. In most cases it was necessary to ascend a flight of stairs to a little cupola on the end of the car and twist a wheel or pump a ratchet.

The brake-cars without the cupola decoration had a seven-foot lever running from each brake beam, the small end of the lever resting in a socket on the sidesill of the car.

To brake this type of a car, one ran alongside of the thing, lifted the lever from the socket and let it drop and then threw all his weight on it.

I will never forget the first coupling I made. I stood in the middle of the track holding the "eye" and also my breath while the boilermaker made mysterious signals which he believed meant "back up slowly."

Luckily, the engineer guessed right and did not break any speed records when he moved the string down on me. When the two cars met, I dropped the eye over the oncoming hook and the job was done.

That is, it was done with the exception that the engineer continued backing and I had to run along penned in between the two cars.

All European cars have two spring buffers on the outside of the endsills on a line with the hook-and-eye atrocities. When cars are coupled, these buffers meeting each other form a tiny enclosure, fencing in the man who makes the coupling. Then he has the choice of either diving under the barriers or climbing over them if the engineers fails to make an instant stop when the cars touch.

I finally learned to scramble over the tops of the buffers, but the callboy always made his getaway underneath. He became really adept at diving to safety outside the rails, a feat which never seemed to hurt him, but was rather damaging to his uniform and the nervous systems of people who watched him.

When it came time to make another coupling, a few minutes after my debut in that line, the boilermaker swore he would languish in the guard-house the rest of his life before he would risk his life hooking up cars. (To the best of my knowledge he never did make a coupling during the whole three months we switched there.)

The brakeman, with a haughty disrespect for anything that traveled on rails, volunteered to demonstrate how to do it.

Everything would no doubt have been O.K. if the fireman hadn't hesitated a moment in his brake-winding. The string hit with a bang, the brakeman missed dropping the eye, and the loose car bounced a good twenty feet, hit another string and bounced back again, continued its game of tag until we closed down on it and held it between the two strings.

During the next few days the brakeman was busy trying to figure out some method of making a drop switch.

Without automatic couplers, and with most of the cars minus brakes, it looked like an impossible task. A 75-foot cable with an eye spliced on each end finally solved the problem for him.

He would balance himself on one of the buffers of the car to be "dropped," after we had hooked the other end of the cable to the engine.

Just before the engine would pass over the switch we would give him enough slack to enable him to unhook the cable from his car and throw it clear of the rails. One of us would then throw the switch and the engine would race into the clear with the cable whipping up the ground.

In the meantime he would have jumped from his perch and the drop would be safely and more or less neatly made.

We made perhaps two dozen of these hectic drop switches before disaster overtook us. This disaster came in the form of a very military colonel whose nice, shiny Cadillac had paused at a crossing near where we were about to perform our breath-taking railroad acrobatics.

When the engine tore past, dragging the lashing cable behind it, of course that cable had to hook itself around the Cadillac's front axle, upsetting the car and the colonel's dignity.

That little episode ended our drop switches and almost ended our military careers.

The next of our trials and tribulations came when a party of gesticulating French railroad officials arrived, bearing official documents and breathing maledictions upon the heads of all Americans, past, present and future.

Of a certainment, les soldats Americain could not make in wreckage the French overhead bridges and cause to become stuck in the tunnels the French trains, and thus causing much demoralization of the Chemin de Fer de la Est de la Etat. Oh, la! la! But it must cease.

Of a certainment, none of the six soldats Americain in the Bourg yard knew what all the flood of words and gestures was about, so an American major explained that the guardhouse was hungry for any more A.E.F. railroad-soldiers who allowed trains to leave the yard with flat cars or gondolas loaded above a certain height.

All the tunnels and overhead bridges, he further explained, allowed only a few inches of clearance for cars, and one of the trains we had made up had completely wrecked an overhead bridge, and before the train could be brought to a stop had attempted to plough a furrow through the roof of a tunnel.

We would, in the future, see that any doubtful cars were run under the height gauge which we would understand was not placed for purely decorative purposes at one end of the yard.

Then there was that little matter of the switch engine, the French diplomats continued. Le engin had not been a gift to the soldiers of Amerique. It should have been returned to the yards at Langres many weeks ago. It was to be regretted that resuming ownership of it would delay the hastening of the much-needed work to be done, but did not they have with them an order from the general Americain for le engin?

And oh! Nom de nom et sacre bleu! Had not the Americans ruined this marvelous and costly machine by placing upon it, front and rear, a platform upon which they stood after the manner of switchers of cars in

the great railroad depots in Amerique?

Of course, the General Pershing shall be told of this crime.

The upshot of all this hysterical conversation was that the French got their engine and we got h—l for putting a footboard on it.

Half an hour after we lost our switch engine, the Lake Erie genius had steam up on the loader, and for a month we used that ungainly Bucyrus locomotive crane for a switch engine.

It was slow work hauling cars around with the low-g geared crane, but we soon developed a technique that never failed to bring joy to the heart of the call boy, and cause an epidemic of nervous prostration among any French train crews who happened to be in the yard.

In tight pinches, to avoid shuffling a whole string of cars to get at some particular one, we would run the crane on the track next to the car we wanted, throw a cable around the car and pick it up bodily with the crane, setting it down on the track where we wanted it.

Another stunt was to use the crane's boom for a "pusher." This enabled us to stay on one track and "stake" cars on the tracks on either side of us.

The crane ended its career as a switch engine when it jumped the track and buried itself deep in the mud. Several tanks and tractors failed to extract it from its resting place.

After the request had gone through the usual military channels, a monster crane was sent up from Is-sur-Tille. This crane was really a wrecker—only the boom was straight and too long. Nobody remembered to set the jack-beams and anchors, and on the first pull the wheels on the right side were two inches off the rails before it was noticed, and corrected.

Then a dashing young lieutenant decided he knew more about running a wrecker than anyone in France. He opened the throttle and took up the slack in the chains with a bang. More steam and then more steam. The big crane throbbed and strained. There was a report like a rifle shot and the boom casting cracked all the way through.

The lieutenant went back to his job supervising the salvaging of motorcycles. Expert opinion agreed that the casting could never be welded, and it would take three months to get another one from the United States.

The French had taken our engine away, the pinch-hitting crane was reposing in the mud, the wrecker was a wreck, but we had to have some-

thing with which to coax cars around.

During the two days when a German prisoner was helping me to bind up the wounds of the wrecker so it could be taken back to Is-sur-Tille, the brakeman and boilermaker were away on some mysterious mission.

The call boy reported they were hanging around the motor park repair shop and had sent him to Langres several time for bottles of cognac and Old Nick rum.

The reason for their presence at the repair shop soon became apparent. The third morning they showed up, driving a four-wheel-drive, steel-bodied, four-ton truck. But such a truck! They had used the cognac and rum to bribe somebody at the shop to make a few "slight alterations" in the truck. It was equipped front and back with a heavy bumper, had the hook-and-eye coupling system, and the wheels had been fitted out with flanges. It also had footboards. Our new switch engine!

That mechanical monstrosity proved to be a darling in the railroad yards. It could handle half a dozen cars easily, although we had trouble with them when coming down a grade. We soon remedied that by loading a bunch of planks on the rear of the truck.

Then when we wanted to stop we would all grab a plank, hop off and stick them under the wheels of the nearest cars. Now and then we put a few cars on the ground, but nobody paid any attention to a little thing like that.

The big advantage of our new "switch engine" was that it was amphibious or ambidextrous or whatever term should be applied to a machine that locomotes equally well on or off rails.

It required only a minute to "un-rail" the thing and drive it on the ground when we had finished working in one part of the yard and wanted to get on some track without going through all the work of shifting two or three hundred cars around to get there.

It was outlandish railroading and it ended when we were ordered back

to the United States September 1, 1919.

As there would be no reason for continuing the railroad yard after the thousands of motor vehicles and acres of other supplies concentrated there were shipped away, I suppose the tracks were torn up and the ground turned back to its owners.

I hope, though, that our truck-switch engine fell into kind hands—hands which will carefully preserve it in all its battered glory.

It deserves a place in some museum, where railroad men, on those days when the world seems dark and gloomy, can come and look at it—and go away refreshed with laughter.

LITTLE CHUCKLES

Patient: "Doctor, what I need is something to put me in fighting trim once again. Did you put anything like that in this prescription?"

Doctor: "No, but I can put it in the bill."

"Now, boys," said the sweet school teacher, "the word novelette means 'a short tale.' You may now write a sentence containing the word."

A few minutes later she picked up Johnny Baer's effort, and read aloud: "Yesterday I saw a fox terrier running down our street with a tin can tied to his novelette."

"Has your son got his house in Philadelphia yet?"

"Well, he says in his last letter that he's in a predicament. Do you reckon it's one of those fancy houses they're building nowadays?"

Prof.: "Decline 'love,' Miss Jones." Miss Jones: "Decline love, professor? Not me."

Sonny: "Father, what is an optimist?"

Dad: "An optimist, my boy, is a person who doesn't give a hang what happens as long as it doesn't happen to him."

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ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

By Victor P. Labbe

Happy birthday to you, S. W. Moore, 14th.

A Golden Wedding celebration was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. Hildebrandt for the parents of Mrs. A. Hildebrandt Sunday, June 9th. Breakfast was served after the Mass at the Polish church and dinner was served to 35 guests. A good time was had by all.

Tiny "Tony" Dorner wishes to thank the Wilmington Transportation Co. for the free trip to Catalina. In addition to having a very pleasant sea voyage Bob and family enjoyed the band concert and the bird farm. We understand that Tiny last visited Catalina in 1924 at which time a previous excursion was offered. It is also reported that Dorner and family added their bit toward celebrating the Declaration of Independence. Any one passing "Dorner Acres" on the eve of the Fourth of July could have seen Bob lighting three matches (large size), the baby (16 yrs.) clapping hands vigorously and all joining in a wild chorus of "Hooray for the glorious Fourth."

Vacations—Ed. Hasenyager back to his home town in Iowa. . . R. Schafle and family to Catalina. . . C. Erhman, Catalina. . . Faye Compton and family, P. E. Camp. . . R. Podlach and family, Balboa. . . J. Adams and family up north. . . J. W. Buchanan and family up north. . . Jesse Eaton and daughter, Denver, Colorado. . . J. Selfredge and family, P. E. Camp. . . E. "Rollo" Hayward and family, parts unknown except every golf course he could find. . . Dave Boyle and family to Diamond Lake, Oregon.

Leon Perry is rapidly approaching the point where he will soon need a violin. Anyone feeling in the mood to do a good deed may contact Mr. Perry in the Field Department.

Helen Semnacher and "Cupid" Willie Getz are that way about each other.

Wonder what Jesse Eaton carries in her brief case. One for you "Walter."

All you single fellows who have

thus far escaped Cupid's darts had better watch your step when leap-year comes. Jean Fogarty says her old Maid days will soon be over.

Lucky "Biehler" won the radio.

Al "Governor" Smith would appreciate a Brown Derby to complete his attire. Please deliver to Al personally at Signal Department.

N. D. Gilbert wishes to clear up the rumor that he was asleep while repairing a telephone line, accounting for him not hearing his truck being driven away by an unknown party. Well, Gilbert, we hope this goes across.

Hope Emma Smith has a house warming party to baptise her new mixer.

Fred Linne announces that he is raising squabs now and that as soon as they are large enough to eat he will have the gang over.

Edgar Archer, retired foreman, was in to see the gang and brought an offering of bananas which we all enjoyed.

Our deepest sympathy to Leslie Appel whose father passed away in San Francisco.

Scoop—Bob Dorner's catch measured 41½ inches long.

FREIGHT TRAFFIC NOTES

By J. E. Blackburn

When the cat is away, the mice certainly have a good time is the conclusion to be drawn from the experiences related by the vacation season bachelors around this part of the building whose wives are either jumping the gun on the husband's vacation or prolonging their vacations after hubby's return to work. There are probably numerous forms of entertainment indulged in by those unfortunate husbands, but that most prevalent seems to be the Follies Bergere, where good friend wife would undoubtedly discourage attendance if at all possible when she is on hand. Although these experiences are related as though the individual were highly enjoying himself you can bet they are practiced merely for the purpose of warding off loneliness in nine cases out of ten.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph McMichael with their two children and Mrs. McMichael's father spent a week of Ralph' vacation on a trip into an infrequently traveled section of the high Sierras where it was necessary for them to ride and pack their

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equipment and food in on horses. According to accounts given by Ralph, a very enjoyable time was had in fishing, hiking, shooting pictures with his movie equipment, and just taking it easy. Ralph expects to take the rest of his vacation later in the summer.

There seems to be quite a great deal of mystery surrounding George Billhardt's straw hat. In any event you probably have noticed that George is wearing a felt hat and has been for some time. An attempt was made to disclose the mystery without avail as there seems to be a desire on George's part to hush whatever the affair was. A-hah, the plot thickens.

If all you bowlers haven't had an opportunity to bowl on the new Sunset allays you really have missed something—the last word in bowling equipment with a "magic eye" fowl line that never misses a slip. Roy Swanson also has plenty of praise for the female attendants. A party from this office goes out almost every Friday night to practice; so, if you want to go out and practice but have nobody with whom to go, you are welcome to bowl with us any time.

ACCOUNTING DEPT. NOTES

By Noble Gates

The chief topics of discussion around the accounting department the past 10 days have been the changes made in desk arrangement, moving of the correspondence files from the glass cage out into the office and the "Operation"; in other words we have been talking Operations around here. Earle Moyer was ordered back to the hospital for two major operations. Earle will probably be confined at St. Vincents for a month or more and I am sure he will be glad to see you when you call and we will also be glad to see him when he gets back here.

The new desk arrangement is working out fine and the confusion of people from outside departments trying to locate their man (or woman) is rather comical. They come in, stand with their hands on hips until they locate the person wanted and the easiest way to reach that desk, then call out to the person they are after—not to go away I want to see you. We have maps for timid people who don't want to stand around until they locate their party.

In answer to one of J. Thatcher's letters in regard to unpaid rent, he received reply like this: Sorry but isn't a farmer due a vacation once every ten years?

The Treasurer's office refuses to give us any information from that department claiming that nothing ever happens over there.

Is it the latest foot style or after effect of vacation that causes Ethel Carruthers to start lunchward wearing one black and one white shoe?

Mildred Upmeyer had a grand time panning gold at Placerville, but what hurts our feelings is that she did not bring us any.

When Henrietta Sten decided to become a full-time housewife, Olive Rohde of the Conductors' Accounts Bureau joined the Typing Bureau. An "Au Revoir" to Henrietta and a "Welcome" to Olive.

Bill Reed is still out on leave of absence, W. H. Alexander taking care of Bill's work during his absence, J. C. Lortie moving up to the inter-line desk while Tom Hinkle takes over the local revising desk. Sam Taylor, All Hanna, Fred Middleton and Richard Allen also moved up making room at the bottom for our new member—Glen Stancer, the bald-headed flyer, who claims that the best way to reduce is to be office boy for a while.

Bonnie King has been in St. Vincent's Hospital for the past two weeks with an appendectomy and is getting along nicely.

Lois Brown is batching with Dorothy Littlefield in Monrovia during the absence of the lady of the house, our old friend Opal Tucker. Sounds like they're having a lively time.

Ethel Chandler spent a week at the Edwards' beach cottage in Venice while her family vacationed without her.

Three traveling auditors now park their hats and brief cases on desks in the "Machine Room" so it must be "Home, Sweet Home" to them.

Due to Earle being in the hospital it became necessary to fill his position temporarily, George Perry being appointed to take over the duties, the depreciation job being awarded to Archie Sharp, Charles English moving up to Archie's job.

Ed Uecker is now located in Room 266 with Bob Labbe.

Guess we don't have to caution Harold Kuck about people who live in glass houses.

Vacationers in this department think there's no place like home, as the following indicates:

Frank Screech—home at the beach.
Helen Maloney—Home and San Diego.

Emma Taylor—Hesitating between home and Hollywood Park.
Marion Snowden—Home.

Grace Christensen—Home at the beach and HOW! She now sports a new ring. Watch later magazines for developments.

Maybelle Wirz—took to the tall timber—Sequoia and Grant's National Parks.

John Cattle—Denver.

Juanita Hoover—San Francisco and Northern California.

Leo Becker—Catalina and home.

Ethel Carruthers—San Francisco (Fair and Oakland).

Mildred Upmeyer—Placerville, San Francisco.

Ual L. Drake—East to South Bend, Indiana (Studebakers are made there—we think).

Clarence & Beulah Williams—North—Santa Cduz (Cruise).

Emily Prior—San Jose and North Coast (Understand Mr. Prior went too. We'd still like to know why that pass was issued as "Miss").

H. R. Grenke—Hollywood, Arcadia (Helping the Mrs. do some of Herman's yard work that was in arrears) San Diego, Ensenada???

Madelyn Mathews—Seattle and points north, Mt. Rainier, Nat'l Park (Wonder if that nice looking man across the pullman aisle went to Seattle?)

Robert Houseman—Fishing as usual (Some good luck—and HOW!)

Co-authors of the Column this month are Marion Snowden, Juanita Hoover and Don McIntyre.

Thanks to Mr. Fleshner, all of us enjoyed an orange the other day. It was very thoughtful of him to remember us that way. He can come in to see us any time and if ever a surplus of oranges occurs at the Fleshner Farm we can always use them.

TORRANCE SHOP NOTES

By Carleton B. Bell

All the boys were glad to see Mark Francis, retired, in for a short visit. His oil prospects did not make him a millionaire quite but he does look kinda prosperous and is driving a new Willis-Knight sedan.

Burt Hollister also was in for a visit. He also is driving a new car—a Plymouth sedan. He says he is planning another trip to Pismo Beach for his favorite feed—Abolone steaks as served at his favorite restaurant there.

The Winding Shop folks were much surprised at a visit from their old time friend Lillian Bailey Hughes who worked in the coil taping department many years ago. She had her fine son Frank with her, wanted to show him where she worked before she was married. Incidentally Lillian's husband now works for our old friend Carl Hyde in the Unemployment Insurance offices at Sacramento.

Ethel Lytch still is walking with the aid of a cane due to a badly sprained foot. She got the sprain when walking up the stairs to the job, lost track of how many steps she had taken up and tried to go up one more—it wasn't there.

Charles Boles, one time All American end on one of Walter Camps first All American football teams, is now much of a Grandfather and says his best time lately has been taking care of his four fine grandchildren. Fine start Charley and a fine ending for any All American.

Versal Bates is mighty glad to be back after his trip to Florida. In fact, he was not at all sure he would get back. What with the mosquitoes trying to carry him off and the wind and rain every day trying to drown him before he could get out of that country he feels he is mighty lucky to be back to tell the story and warn others from taking such a trip. Can't say Mel Sadowsky and myself did not warn you Versal. He drove over 6000 miles altogether.

Burt Collins is also back after quite a trip through the northern states. He reported fine weather and a shiny new Ford. On the way back he stopped in Yellowstone National Park where he had quite an experience with the park bears. One cute little fellow climbed on top of the new car and when Mrs. Collins started the car the cub slid down the shiny back and left six fine bear claw marks all the way down in the new paint.

Walter Burges attended the Fair in Frisco during his vacation, then came back and spent some time at the P. E. Camp. Bud Edwards and family spent their vacation driving to close by vacation spots for a day or two at each. Bud says they visited every worth while place from Ventura to San Diego. Fred Thompson is vacationing at Tucson—what a heluva place to vacation, but if it's a change he wants he'll sure get it at Tucson.

Nick Arena has been reading the ads in the P. E. Magazine about swimming, etc., at Redondo Beach, so he is to spend two weeks there with his wife and two bambinos as a result.

Joe Hardesty is sporting a brand new pair of pants and new striped blue shirt. He started to town to attend a party the other night and tore the seat out of the old pants so had to buy the new pair right away to avoid arrest for wholesale exposure.

Machinist John Anderson had to take another trip to the Hospital but was back within a week. While there Bill Schenk was brought in and operated on but Andy did not learn the particulars. Hope to see Bill back among us soon.

Johnnie Van Vliet took a fine vacation trip into the high Sierras, fishing in the lakes beyond Bishop. Then on up over the Tioga road through Yosemite Valley and thence

home. Fred Murray started his trip about the same time but went the other way, the Fair at Frisco, then Lake Tahoe, and then over into Nevada where he met Johnnie and his family at the State Penitentiary in Carson City. It seems they both wanted to see the pre-historic animal tracks unearthed in the prison quarry there.

Roy Brucker used to be an expert on football games but now is trying his talent on picking out the winning horses but has not managed to pick a winner yet. He admits George Foster has him badly beaten on the horse picking, says George has won \$1700 the last year or two by picking the right ones. George, when seen by this reporter, claims the amount is about right but that he is loser that much. Both seem to be very coy about the matter.

Saw Abolone (Walter Benson on the payroll) in the shop this morning looking over the possibility of bidding in a new job here. Ab has lost plenty pounds since he left here and I must see him and learn how he did it. If it was a pleasant way I ought to try it myself but if unpleasant will have to look further. Clarence Clark was also in looking around for the same purpose. Hope to see many of the old gang back soon.

June Tarbit and family spent last week end at Catalina—had a swell time. Went in for a cooling swim at 11:00 P. M. Saturday night at his wife's suggestion. His wife is a very smart woman and knows just how to get along with June. Next day they went to look at the birds and the Mrs. says even the parrots laughed at June.

Bill Griffith and wife are to take a trip back to Ohio to visit the old home place and folks. The first trip back for Bill for 33 years. Bill has been putting in some fine improvements around the Tin Shop — Air tight phone booth with streamlined decorations, big shiny telephone bell, and new electric flexible grinder. Take especial notice of the art (?) gallery on Grif's desk—it's worth a trip. I enjoyed it. Also had the place decorated with a wonderful 11 inch white dahlia grown by Bill Sutherland. Sutherland is growing this year 156 dahlia plants of many sizes, colors, and types.

Dirk Mol is on a train trip to Oregon. Pop Wheaton is looking over the country around Paris and Elsinore trying to locate a country home to his liking. Must have plenty of rabbits and other small game. Rosie Rosenfield is to retire August first—the plating room and pipe shop just will not seem the same with Rosie gone. Best of luck to you, Rosie.

Walter Nielson, Jr., famed football player of the University of Ari-

zona, is going East to New York City to try out with the New York Giants professional footballers. His nickname with the Wildcats was "Hoss" as he usually carried his tacklers across the line with him. Best of luck to you Hoss.

Frank Taylor is just back from an extended trip to the old home in Roanoke, Virginia. He visited all the Southern states, going east by train and driving a new car home. He attended a family reunion where 73 members of the family were gathered together.

Congratulations to Tom Moore, new Foreman of the Carpenter Shop. If you carpenters want news in the Magazine, just give it to Tom, he'll pass it on to me in fine shape.

James O'Connor painted his house and exercised and polished the Buick during his vacation. Ralph Crosby and family went to the Fair and on north through the big woods to Seattle and return.

The Upholstering Shop has a new champion liar. Last month it was Pete but he has been badly beaten this month by Esther Duncan. She has been on her vacation since last Magazine and did a lot of fishing up June Lake way and has some fine fish stories to tell—no wonder she could beat Pete.

Willis Robbins is back from a 14 months sojourn in the minor leagues. It seems good to see the master painter and sign writer back on the job and no doubt it is quite a treat to him also.

Earl Brucker is leaving soon for his vacation trip into the Northern California redwoods of Humboldt County where he intends to do some fishing and hunting for white elephants.

Tony Zahradnik is another one of us that has returned from a rather wonderful vacation trip. He and the family drove north to the Fair, then up to Donner Lake and Lake Tahoe. Then further north and east to Yellowstone and Teton National Parks, spending four days there. Then south through Zion and Brice National Parks, then home via "Hoover" Dam and the long desert drive. Glad to be back and to cool off in the Torrance breeze after that desert drive.

Howard Clark and family visited the Fair during his vacation. Then returned to spend the rest of the time at his favorite recreation, counting the sands on the beach at Long Beach. He also visited Avalon where he was seen doing some wonderful diving stunts out in deep water. A friend lost a fine ring overboard and Howard and Tiny Ed Hoyt of the Stores Dept. were trying to retrieve it from the bottom of Avalon Bay—the friend got the ring back all right.

WEST HOLLYWOOD

By G. R. Stevens

Harry E. "Buck" Mattox, Mechanical Dept., West Hollywood, retiring this month, has the well wishes of all the Trainmen and friends who have known him for the past twenty-six years, during the time he has worked in the Mechanical Dept. and also as motorman. Residing at present in West Hollywood, Mattox's hobby has been collecting rare trophies, and he has a colorful museum of interest. Mattox also is a veteran of the Philippine Insurrection War of 1898 and 1899 where he was in active service seventeen months with



Harry E. "Buck" Mattox and his 1-year old baby son, "Tobias".

the 1st Colorado Regiment, D. Company, from which he received an honorable discharge. He brought back with him from his travels a rare assortment of Chinese trophies. These include strange sea shells, starfish and coral from China, Japan, Honolulu and Manila. Among these is a pair of genuine sandals, exactly as the originals worn by the natives of the Philippines. Other specimens among his collection are rare carvings from Kobe, Yokohama and Hongkong, Mattox having stopped at these points enroute home, pursued his hobby to great advantage, and these include original Chinese idols of Worship. He has his gun and bayonet used in the Spanish war. To his already large collection of old guns are treasures of Civil War days, which were handed down to him for safe keeping by his father, who is 97 years old and a veteran of the Civil War. Mattox came here from Greeley, Colorado, where he and his father had been in the business of raising cattle on a 400 acre cattle ranch owned jointly by the two.

Jess Hanselman, West Hollywood night terminal foreman and Mrs. Hanselman are away on vacation at their Hook Creek cabin near Lake Arrowhead trout fishing and hunting rabbits on the desert. R. H. Bettersworth is on duty in his absence.

Bus driver Sindeff spent an enjoyable week at P. E. Camp, Lake Arrowhead, recuperating from an illness. He spent his time fishing, hiking in the mountains, and exploring the shafts of old deserted gold mine diggings.

Motorman Dewey Tucker, residing in West Los Angeles, is interested in plants and shrubs and has a wide variety on his place.

HAPPY EVENT! Cashier W. A. Gibbons is a granddaddy again as he proudly announces he has another grandson, born 9:30 P. M., July 26 to his daughter Mrs. John Dunz. Reports mother and baby doing nicely. Congratulations Mr. and Mrs. John Dunz.

It is with regret that we report the passing of motorman Sam Masterson.

Good fishing off Malibu on the live bait boat is reported by C. Mueller, West Hollywood Station truck driver, when only recently his brother caught four big halibut. The smallest catch weighed 28 lbs. and the heaviest fish weighed 38 lbs.

PURCHASING DEPT. NOTES

By Ray Cragin

On August 1st, our boss Mr. C. Thorburn was appointed Assistant General Purchasing Agent of the Southern Pacific Company, in addition to being General Purchasing Agent for the Pacific Electric. It was necessary that we have additional room and we moved across the hall to occupy the rooms formerly used by the Federal Court. To Mr. Thorburn our congratulations.

Mr. C. Swartz and Mr. E. McCall were San Francisco visitors the latter part of July completing arrangements with the S. P. Purchasing Department of that city for the buying in Los Angeles.

George Quesenbery managed to get away for a week in the middle of July and spent it fishing and bathing in the good old Pacific Ocean. These are George's two best pastimes.

We note in the last S. P. Bulletin that Dorothea Berenak and Ruth Bushard were callers at the S. P. Purchasing Dept. during the S. P. Day at the Fair. They must of made a good impression as they were invited back.

The following news from Torrance:

That man about the Store, Mr. Bill Jolley with his wife and family spent

the yearly vacation in Cleburne, Texas. Bill left with the usual large number of grips and packages and while passing thru Watts had the misfortune to break a handle on one of the bags and Bill was last seen with his arms wrapped around it in order to carry it. I wonder if he went that way all the way to Texas.

August Zurborg and family chose a trip up through the San Joaquin Valley for their vacation. Stops were made at Bakersfield where August inspected the S. P. Store, Stockton and San Francisco. August was also a caller at the Purchasing Department and had his son and daughter with him. Just between you and me, it won't be long before he and the wife will sit in the back while the young Mr. Zurborg drives the car.

John VanDerzee and wife were visitors to the Fair in San Francisco. While in the Bay City John met his brother Jake VanDerzee who is a professor in the University of Iowa. Political Science and International Relations being his subject. Maybe we can get John to ask him what this European business is all about. It was John's first visit to the City of the Fair since 1909 when he completed an enlistment in the Navy.

That young man Bill Bone sure gets around and knows people. He had pictures he took at Lakeside of Bing Crosby and Jimmy McClaren, former world title holder. Bill often shows his many pictures at Mrs. O. M. Davis' P. E. Restaurant, better known as "The Place to Eat Across the Street".

Leave it to Bill Kitto to pull something new. He has been at Los Patos where he has his summer home and he has been giving the mosquitos the screen test, well anyway he put up screens to keep them out.

Mr. Ward McCall has a nephew on the U.S.S. Milwaukee who has the same name. This ship was in San Pedro for two weeks for repairs and it gave the young man a chance to call on his uncle.

After planning a trip to the Fair and other points North, Thomas Wilkes and wife suddenly changed plans and spent the vacation at Vista near San Diego. The reason for the sudden change we do not know and we are wondering if Tom developed a sudden liking for avacados.

When last reported Leslie Bolen and family were about ready to head North for San Francisco and Oakland. Leslie's dad and mother live in Oakland and this gentleman usually journeys to that city when the opportunity presents itself to call on the folks. He also planned to see the Fair.

Mr. Fred Hopkins has been very interested in a young man named

George Breitweiser of North Hollywood and a member of the crew of the Repair Ship Vistal. This young man of the sea has been taking the examinations for entrance to Annapolis and everyone knowing Fred know of his social work among the sail boys. Fred likes to see the boys get ahead.

MACY STREET TERMINAL

By Chet Collins

Congratulations are cordially extended to J. L. Karalis, on his marriage Friday, July 28, 1939, to Glee Yost, of this city. The ceremony was held in the Mission Hills Congregational Church in San Diego, at 4 P. M., with Rev. Willis Goldsmith officiating. In attendance were the brother of the bride, Mr. Russell Bremmer and his wife, with their daughter, Mildred Ellen Bremmer, all of San Diego, where Mr. Bremmer is General Agent for the Union Pacific Railway Co.; Mrs. Vernon Jones, sister of the bride and her daughter, Glee Caroline Jones, both of Los Angeles. A wedding dinner was served at Hotel Casa de Manana, La Jolla. We wish them much happiness.

Reports concerning the Sheriff's Picnic and Barbeque held Sunday, July 30, 1939, indicate that it was the best yet and that it was the occasion for a big feed and a good time for all. The Glendora Line was busy hauling people out for the event in the morning and back in the afternoon.

I understand that J. W. Merrill has a fine Keystone Moving Picture Camera and an Eastman Projector for sale at a very reasonable price and if anybody is interested they should contact him at his home or at work. J.W. is offering this since he was the happy receiver of an even finer outfit during the Christmas season and finds that he has no need for two sets of equipment.

We are glad that F. O. Evans, B. L. Brown, and C. G. Young are back at work after having been only slightly scratched in a messy garbage truck accident at Rosemead Boulevard, July 22. I for one am glad I wasn't around just after it happened and expect they weren't too happy about it either.

W. C. Roberts is back on the job after being off several weeks due to illness. We are glad to see him back on the job and hope he can stay back this time.

U. W. Troxel returned to work July 25, after taking 9 days vacation in the high Sierras. He came back looking fit as a fiddle, but as yet I haven't had the opportunity of hearing the fish stories which he should

now be qualified to tell.

J. G. Ralston recently hid out on us for 10 days during which time I expect he enjoyed a vacation. Here's hoping he had a swell time without getting into any trouble.

S. G. Swanson has been away for two weeks vacation and we all hope he has had a good rest while away.

E. R. Smith was away for 10 days recently but I have no information as to his whereabouts during this period. I hope he had a fine time wherever he was.

I expect the three days which C. G. Young recently took off was used to shake off the results of the odorous mishap he incurred a few weeks ago. He should be all sweet and clean by now.

F. L. Hunt spent two weeks on vacation recently and we hope he had a fine time and rest.

B. S. White is away for a few more days, taking a rest and vacation from the job. I expect he'll be back in a few days now feeling fit as a fiddle.

Joe Hartman, our relief terminal foreman, said that he didn't do a thing on his vacation but rest, which is more than most of us can say, for we usually need to rest from our vacations after we do get back to work. He earned the rest tho', and he looks fine.

The National Guard was moved during July for its annual trek to training camp, returning Sunday, July 30. The movement was made without a hitch due to the well laid plans of our staff.

MOTOR TRANSIT NOTES

By M. J. Creamer

As this goes to press: Alpha Sands, statistical clerk is finally away on her vacation, northbound to Portland, Seattle and Vancouver, B.C., thence east to Minneapolis, Minn., to visit a chum, returning via Omaha, Nebr., and Boulder Dam. A grand vacation!

Ivan Erhardt back from his trip with family to Minneapolis—an excellent trip. Operator Lisle Farquhar and family driving to Sidney, Nebr., to visit his brother. Bill McKenzie going to Colorado soon to visit his mother while his wife will journey on to Chicago to see her folks.

Operator Bill Tribble back from Tennessee. Mrs. Tucker and the boy to Blue Jay for a week vacation. Guy Rhinard, wife and boy to Balboa for a two-day outing returning all muscle-bound from attempts at learning to bowl.

"Ole" Swanson back from a brief vacation trip only to enter the hospital where he underwent a major

operation and it is sincerely hoped that his recovery will be speedy. We are happy to know that he is coming along just fine. Know that he would welcome any of the "gang" who might be able to visit him.

Mr. Claude Allen, Ass't. Supt. reports his vacation uneventful yet it must have been interesting—a trip to Northern California returning via Bishop. Ran into the midst of a herd of cattle and had it not been for his maneuvering of the car and all—there might have been dinner-steaks for many a moon!

Jack Butler (Dispatcher) away on a brief vacation to Oregon or thereabouts. Bet it took him to Estacada, Oregon—ever heard of that city?

"Wake" Wakefield and the wife drove up the coast in their "jalopy" during his vacation, visiting the Fair for a couple of days and then continued on to Sacramento and Placerville to visit.

Paul McDonald (P. E. Trans. Department) back from trip early in July—New Orleans, Chicago, Youngstown, back to Chicago, thence home via Salt Lake. Sent a colored postcard showing the Youngstown jail with "X" marks the spot in one of the barred windows. (Comments on the reverse side of card was "Wish you were here! (Laughter.)

Condolences were extended to Operator Wayne Putnam and his wife in the tragic passing of their youngest child, Wayne, Jr., age 1½ years, who fell into a tub of water at the family home and drowned.

Happy Birthdays to you in August: H. F. Dostal, Agent, Riverside, August 2; Neil Seyforth, August 3; M. H. Seifried, August 5; H. C. Strong, August 12; O. L. Gardner, August 13; "Lem" Sommerville and W. E. Dufour (twins) August 18; Dick Butler, August 20; Johnny Knapp, August 22; Fred D'Arcy and Henry Stone (twins) August 23; W. L. Wybrant, August 31.

Anniversaries noted: "Lem" Sommerville, 19 years; E. E. Brandt, Johnny Hill and C. H. Miller, 13 years; Tommy Henderson, 11 years; and H. B. Rudd, 2 years.

Poking Around in the Embers: Howard Strong and Oscar Otero fishing recently. Caught a slew of mackerel and one barracuda. Friends of Geo. Jehl, Agent, sold their home in Roscoe—the one with the private swimming pool so it looks like all his swimming from now on will have to be done in the bathtub at home. So sorry—but his friends plan to make their home in New Mexico.

Bob Griffith and "Father" Dunson batching it together! Bob says Dunson is a good cook. Dunson asking for and receiving a copy of a pamphlet "How Funeral Costs May Be Eliminated!"—so what? Maybe that

has some connection with his cooking—so watch out Bob! Bob does offer good advice however—"the best way to clean a pair of glasses is to use a dollar bill" (which he loaned me to clean mine). When I asked to keep the bill for that particular use, he grabbed it back!

H. A. Bubier also a lone bachelor for a spell! "Newt" Potter is the best dressed man on the line—well anyway, the best dressed in any express office. . . . Slim Seifried discarding the winter felt for a light lid . . . and actually falling for a gag. The phone rang—Slim answered. "Will you kindly whistle into the phone, this is the telephone company and we want to test this line for reception. So Slim accommodates. "Well, with a little practice, you'd make a fine song bird. Will arrange to send down some bird seed at the first available opportunity and bingo—goes the receiver!

Benny Kimball elected Chairman of Brotherhood of Trainmen. Ted Bryant gave up his run on the Montrose line—maybe it was because he had "ants" in his pants . . . and big red ones at that . . . species from the Montrose hills. Bob Cruson was elected to take over controls and is hid away in them thar hills . . . and really going in for sweat baths. Who says there isn't any honest folks? Operator J. M. Smith loaned a regular patron 50 cents. This passenger did not ride for sometime afterwards but showed up last week with not only the 50 cents but a carton of cigs which were left for Smith. Courtesy well repaid! Even A. M. Salisbury is due for a cigar from patron who likewise repaid a small accommodation. There must be an act to getting repayments . . . just ask anyone in the ticket office . . . many a penny, dime and quarter has been advanced to passengers out of pocket as an accommodation with promises to pay later—and nerry a peek out of them! The probable conclusion is that the company stands that loss?

Mrs. Jeffries and daughter meeting "Papa" quite often at the depot. Jeff's son was up at the P. E. Camp recently and from all reports the new ice rink is most inviting! Willa Mae Bracklin, Matron, has been furnishing the ticket office with flowers and greens lately — an improvement! Elected at beau brummels of the M.T. Line. "Soapy" Casteel and Alvin Cox. Should have a private phone booth placed in the depot for their exclusive use . . . so much unfinished biz—don't know how you do it, Soapy . . . but everyday there is always a new young lady engaged in conversation at thisa and thata point along L. A. Street (I only saw—I didn't hear.)

Walt Rorick building a fence

around his home . . . and very much exasperated over an Ocean Park resident calling him "BROTHER". O. L. Gardner and wife stepping out—all rigged up in fashion and even inquiring for information at the desk. "Hook" Edmondson says "No news for the mag . . . You hoit my feelings once!" Edwin Barnett building a trailer now to cart his boat around in. Fred D'Arcy—accent on Pomona which is "Permoner"—just listen in sometime! Clyde Pearson displaying his new electric razor which whittles them down. Operator Blackmore down to Redondo Beach for a swim. Returning with a blistered lip—and that is news, or is it? He recently bought himself a Detrola camera with a f:3.5 lens and shutter speeds up to 1/200 second . . . been shooting right and left so how about some snaps for this column, yes? no?

The mailman still brings surprises . . . this time a letter addressed to Doctor Ivan Erhardt. Maybe he can enlighten us? Eugene Wickham, our STAR operator pulling a run out of Los Angeles—his first run assignment in twenty years . . . and the faces that are familiar to us around these parts are "new" to him. Greetings to L. A.! Red Cap Freeman Morgan's mother arrived recently from Cairo, Ill., and will make her home with the boys in L. A. All the boys are mighty happy to have her with them for it means home-cooked meals—with fried chicken and all the trimmings in real ol' Southern style minus the can-opener! Speaking of chickens — Stanley Moore brought down 4 with him one morning — the feathery type — and somebody hid them on him. It was good sport to hear ol' Stanley going around "Here, Chick — Chick — where are you?"

Ira Junkins the combination Janitor-Red-Cap at times — usually old man gloom with the broom—but how the face lights up with a smile when ten cents is forthcoming! Sam Carr and "Early" Byrd braying . . . musta been a good joke! "Ferdinand" Zmoos figuring his hours just in case he gets gypped out of a couple of cents the payroll dept. Henry Stone to the broiling point one evening but playing the smiling "Sphinx". The story goes . . . a lady and 4 children got on his bus on San Gabriel Blvd. to go to El Monte—late at night after a show. While Henry was cutting tickets and all, husband of said lady drove up in his car and she merely stepped from bus to waiting auto and sped away — leaving Stone with a handful of tickets which he had just finished cutting and which he had to void . . . some fun, huh?

Operator "Anunson" says the dispatcher is the only one who pronounces his name correctly. It's like ANNA-son not A-NUN-Son. So sorry

you had to almost ruin a perfectly good looking uniform and work yourself into a lather going through No. 1875 in search of a dime . . . but then you found one—so everybody's happy!

And WHAT a fish story! It seems that Lem Sommerville, Ernie Harper and Neil Seyforth went on a fishing trip to Huntington Lake near Fresno. Seyforth decided to wear his heavy boots in spite of advice given him by others. When they finally arrived at the lake—and what a hike down to it—poor Neil was ALL in—and had to rest from lugging the heavy boots around while the others enjoyed the fishing. Harper caught several trout. It must have been some consolation to Seyforth while he was pitying his poor "dogs" to know that "Lem" had hiked over to a nearby place where they had FREE (accent on the Free) baths and was enjoying same. . . . Supposed to get out of the lake region around 5 P. M. but with a cripple on their hands—they got out at 9 P. M.

Hi-lite of the month! Charlie Cooper (Dispatcher) bounced a Mexican out of the depot one evening last month. There was a terrible stench in the depot and Charlie was making a clean-up of non-passengers and thought surely this fellow was full of vino . . . but the Mexican remonstrated "I no drink — I no drink!" but out he went—and the scene changed to the soda-fountain in the depot where some of the refrigeration went haywire and a repairman equipped with a gas mask was trying to fix same. Even the employees of the soda fountain had cleared out—ammonia fumes terrific! And then—and only THEN did Charlie's face redden up. Perhaps this lone Mexican wonders even now—why he left so SUDDENLY?

"Mary," inquired the lady of the house suspiciously, "did you wash the fish before you baked it?"

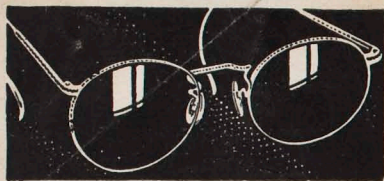
And Mary replied: "What's the use of washing a thing that has been in the water all its life?"

"How many fish was it that you said you caught Saturday, Ernest?" "There were six of them, dear. Don't you remember?"

"Yes, that was what I thought you said, but that fish market has made a mistake again. They've charged us for eight."

"I am very disappointed in the way your son Jimmy talks. Only today he said: 'I ain't never went nowhere'."

Jimmy's Father: "He ain't ain't he? Why, the young whelp's done traveled twicet as far as most kids his age."



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